

Dragonborn

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Summary: Felicia was abandoned as a young child, left to die in the wilderness of the island of Berk. Luckily for her, however, she was found by a dragon, who took her as her own. How will she handle life as a human among dragons?

Dragonborn

Prologue****

****Disclaimer:** I do not own Berk or any of the dragon species. I only own Felicia.**

Felicia was barely four years old when she was left in the wilderness. It was actually a miracle that she had lived that long. Her father was a violent man, who despised the dragons that shared their island home. He had wanted a strong son with whom to share his loathing of the scaly beasts.

Instead of what he had wished for, Felicia was born. He began to think that she was born in defiance of his desires. His corrupted mind began to conspire against both daughter and wife. Seeing the changes in her husband's behavior, his wife fled and remained away from him for the first four years of her child's life.

Finally, the time came when she could no longer run. To protect Felicia from her father's wrath, the mother hid the child in a thicket and told her to stay there until she returned for her. Then, she ran away, hoping to direct her husband away from her precious child.

Tragically, Felicia's mother never returned to the thicket where she was hidden. The child never strayed from the place where she was told to remain. She sat for five long days, lacking food and water. But, remaining true to her mother's command, she never moved from the

thicket.

Late one night, as Felicia lay, weak from want of food, she heard a sound outside. This sound was quite unlike the other sounds she had heard and she had to investigate. Daring to move from the thicket, she discovered a creature far larger than herself, with deep purple scales that buzzed with electricity.

Suddenly the creature, which was none other than a Skrill, turned its head and saw her. Felicia stood perfectly still, hoping that the dragon did not see her. But, as it already had, she found herself staring into its piercing sky-blue eyes.

The Skrill, whose name was SparkFang, had just lost one of her hatchlings. She had fled soon after the customary burial ceremony to properly mourn the death of her young one. She had been very fond of the hatchling and nearly hated the disciplined burial he'd received.

Perhaps, SparkFang thought, _I will be able to make this human child a replacement for the lost hatchling. Yes, I shall raise her with a dignity that no other of her kind can muster._

Taking Felicia gently in her jaws, SparkFang then flew off. The child squirmed slightly, until she realized that there was no escaping her fate and became still. Some clouds gathered and obscured the stars, also causing a light rain to fall. Not wanting the child to get too wet, SparkFang hurried on towards her nest.

A short time later, SparkFang alighted outside a remote cave nestled high in the mountains. Stepping inside, she introduced her other two hatchlings to their adopted sister. Both showed a great deal of interest in the strange new addition to their family. Their mother smiled, knowing that the three of them would become great friends.

End
file.